



C E G S A N E W S



CAVE EXPLORATION GROUP (SOUTH AUSTRALIA) Inc.

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Meetings held on the fourth Wednesday of each month, except December, at 7.30 PM usually in the Royal Society of South Australia meeting room, Natural Science Building, South Australian Museum.

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Cover Photograph: Decoration in Exit Cave, Tasmania. **Photo:** Damian Grindley

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QUARTERMASTERS NOTE.

High usage equipment will now be stored at the quartermaster's residence. Please make arrangements with the QM well in advance of required date for equipment. The QM can be contacted at the telephone numbers on the previous page.

NEWSLETTER MATERIAL

The deadline for copy or background material for Volume 49 Number 3 (Issue 195) must reach the Editor by Wednesday **11th AUGUST 2004**. Material not meeting this deadline may be retained for possible use in a following issue. The preferred method is via E-MAIL at atholjax@adam.com.au as an attachment or on 3.5" IBM floppy disk, in Word or ASCII text format. Of course other forms of communication will still be gratefully accepted.

The views expressed in this publication are those of individual authors and not necessarily those of the Cave Exploration Group (South Australia) Inc., its Committee or the Editor.



PRESIDENTS SPOT

CEGSA and the National Parks & Wildlife Service (NPWS) have one very important thing in common. They both have conflicting charters with the same problem. The NPWS has to protect the reserves that it controls but at the same time allow public access. CEGSA has to protect caves but since we are a cave exploration group we also require caver access.

The ASF "minimum impact caving code" that we follow does not prevent the gradual degradation of our caves. It just slows down the rate so that, hopefully, what was several years of damage without the code now takes tens of thousands of years to "achieve". This is beyond the realistic life expectancy of our group. Since most damage to caves appears to come from poor land/water management (from the caves' point of view) we should concentrate our efforts on land use control rather than try to remove all possible caver caused damage. This would have a much better effort to benefit ratio. Of course this assumes that we maintain a high standard of minimum impact caving.

The best method of reducing caver impact is to reduce the number of cavers visiting a cave. This has been openly done by keeping the location of caves secret. However, the less publicised method has been by keeping caving as a low profile activity, thereby reducing the number of people becoming cavers. The drawback of the second method is that many caving clubs collapse through lack of membership and without a local caving club, there is nobody to teach minimum impact caving.

Should CEGSA raise its profile and deliberately seek new members? At present we "advertise" ourselves by having a contact phone number and readily accept anyone who takes the trouble to seek us out. Do we need to have a membership drive to survive? How would we handle a large influx of new members? What do we do about gaining younger members to take over from the long-timers? Have your say, write to the editor. If no one corresponds, then obviously we do need to have a membership drive before apathy kills yet another caving group.

Graham Pilkington.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Hi there,

Just to let you know I received my 2003 CEGSA Annual Report and the Feb Newsletter. I very much enjoyed reading them both and look forward to getting more involved with the club on my return (probably start of 2006). Do I have to now subscribe to the Newsletter or will that come to me automatically?

Starting to get organised for some caving here. As you know Vanuatu has enormous potential with every little cliff and escarpment around the place filled with alluring looking holes! Ownership and access issues are rife (just for something new) and so my best diplomatic softly softly approaches are I hope, about to pay off with a visit to an allegedly large cave this Saturday. Should something eventuate, I will put a report in writing and send it to CEGSA for archiving (if appropriate?) or for the newsletter.

If anyone finds themselves in Vanuatu and would like to see where I am up to, they would be most welcome to contact me at the address below or by email harry@divedoc.net or by telephone Hm 23909 / Mob 47609. Can you put me on any email lists that the club runs?

Regards, Harry

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TRIP REPORTS

TASSIE 2003-2004

Southern Tasmania 2004

December 28th 2003 – January 8th 2004

Marie Choi, Paul Deer, Damian Grindley, Amanda Grindley, Wolfgang Glowacki, Arthur Clarke and Scott Smith (USA) plus the Grindley Kids

Well it was on again although a much smaller group this time, a couple of our American friends pulled out at the last minute. This time I decided to take my car over so Paul joined me on the drive. We left Adelaide on the 26th around 10am and took a leisurely drive to Melbourne as we were staying overnight in a room near the ferry and catching it first thing in the morning. Navigating around Melbourne wasn't the easiest as some of the streets near St Kilda were not well signed and we missed our first turn off but eventually made it there. We had a good room near all the night life and a couple of minutes to the ferry. We had an early night as we needed to be at the ferry quite early. Unfortunately the ferry was delayed loading for about an hour, what for we are not sure. Not much to say about the trip over other than it's really boring and really hard to find a comfortable spot, my recommendation is to go on the night ferry so you can sleep or if you have others with you get them to walk on and bag a spot early. We arrived in Tassie about an hour late and then had the problem of waiting for the gas bottle as I had lost my receipt. Once retrieved, it was off to Hobart at around 9pm. The road there is quite a good one and we made it by midnight. Thank god my friend lives there, as she had given me keys to her place as she was on her honeymoon and we crashed there for the night. After a good nights sleep we stocked up on supplies and headed to Arthur's place at Dover where Wolfgang had been staying. Damian and the rest turned up later that day and we made our plans for the next week.

We were to cave locally for the first few days then head to Hobart for New Years Eve and then a Day at Junee to do Growling Swallett, and return to Dover that night for more caving down south.

Wet Cave: By Marie

This is a well known and visited cave to many. Our plan was to take a look at the tight squeeze that comes after the midnight Hole pitches as there were concerns if we did the trip a few may not make it through. We spent a few hours looking around the cave and for a change Wolfgang didn't have a camera so he was everyone's model. The Glow worms in the first chambers of this cave are quite impressive and when lit up almost give enough light to see with. We entered deeper into the cave stopping many times to take photos; Damian had a new digital camera and was enjoying being behind the camera using Wolfgang as his main model. It was a good opportunity for all of us to get our cameras just right and try out all our slaves although Wolfgang was getting a little flustered after a while when peoples cameras were not getting the shots they wanted. We eventually made our way to the squeeze and although he didn't enter it, Scott felt he that he would make it through alright if we did midnight hole. We spent a few hours looking around and taking more pics before exiting.

Exit Cave: by Paul Deer

Arriving in the car park, Damien, Scott and I got our gear organised after talking with some local cavers to find out they were going to Mystery Creek. Trudging off in the general direction of Exit cave we made enough noise to scare off all the animals in the near vicinity and possibly the far vicinity as none at all were seen apart from the occasional bird.

Once the main hill climb was completed I stopped for a few minutes to let the oldies catch up. We had hiked for about 40 minutes at this stage, and were about 1/3 of the way there. About an hour and a half later after climbing under, over and around fallen trees (one about 6m in diameter) we came to a cool breeze signalling the entrance of the cave. Entering the cave I was surprised about the temperature, it wasn't as cold as I was expecting, and I was also surprised about the size of the tunnels. Not since my trips along the Nullarbor had I seen cave passages of this magnitude, and there was no stream way in those caves for some reason...



Paul Deer in Exit Cave
Photo: Damian Grindley



Knobby Straws, Exit Cave
Photo: Damian Grindley

The glow worms were always a reminder of the cold water whenever the lights were turned off, even when we left the stream way. The decoration that we found in this cave was interesting, especially the bulbous ends on some of the straws in a side passage. We found out after we left that if we had of gone on another hundred meters we would have seen the decorated passage that we had set out to see at the start of the trip. Since we were all feeling rather tired, worn out, and hungry we had turned around and explored more side passages on our way out. Unfortunately since we were all tired and in a rush not many photos were taken, and I had taken my camera in to see the cave, but never took it out of the bag.

It was dark on the last section of our walk out and we went slowly and quietly so we didn't scare off the wildlife. We were rewarded by seeing multiple "Pademelons" which Scott tried to photograph. Looking at the photos you could only see a blur of where the flash caught the eyes of the animals.

All in all it was a good trip but I must admit I was very grateful to see the car and be able to sit down and relax and eat some food.

New Years Eve: by Marie

The plan was to spend new years in Hobart staying at my friends place and partying in town. Whilst all the others headed to Hobart Damian and I first returned the Exit key and planned to meet the others at my friends place. We dropped the key off at Hastings and then headed to Hobart but unfortunately we came across a road block. We got out to see what the hold up was and found an overturned car down the embankment; apparently the poor guy had been there all right and was trapped in the car. Someone had noticed the skid marks and from their truck cabin saw the car so now all were trying to stabilise the car that was on its side. Damian went down to assist whilst the rest of us waited for police, ambos and rescue. Fortunately the guy was conscious although complaining about painful breathing and lack of feeling in his legs. We were delayed by over an hour helping out. We eventually got to my friends place and found Paul and Scott having a meal at the local beach restaurant. We all

caught up that afternoon and Damian decided to stay home with the kid's whilst the rest of us headed to Hobart to celebrate New Years. Unfortunately things have changed a lot and where there used to be free entertainment in the streets and pubs you now had to pay to get in. We roamed around taking in the atmosphere, the boys got a bit mischievous and started photographing all the cute girls they could see including their bottoms. We stayed to watch the fire works and at that point a drunk woman fell on me leaving me with a huge bruise on my thigh the size of my hand and a limp. We headed back to my friend's place shortly afterwards. We spent the next day sight seeing around Hobart and the local area and then headed back for an early night as we had Growling Swallett to do the next day. We also caught up with Jeff Butt to get some more info on the cave. We didn't know then that that would be the first and last time we would meet him. (Jeff passed away recently from cancer) He was extremely helpful and a really nice guy.

Growling Swallett: by Marie

We set off reasonably early and we managed to find the cave quite easily, the track in is quite good and accessible by my Camry. We made our way to the cave entrance but unfortunately by the time we got there Paul was feeling unwell and decided to stay on the surface whilst the rest of us trogged up to go in. Damian had a bit of trouble with his undies and realised he had the leg around the waist (makes you wonder what happens to poor little merrin when it's his turn to dress her). Once trogged up we made our way through the creek over logs to a very impressive entrance. We had to manoeuvre our way over the rocks, logs and past small water falls and try and find our way on. Damian was looking for a dry path and the only spot he found was an exposed climb over 10 metres high. We tied on a long tape as a hand line as he offered to try it out Scott and I waited at the top. Damian made it safely to the bottom stepping onto a large boulder only to do a little dance on it as it decided to move, as we couldn't see him at this point it was a very eerie sound. He looked around about then suggested we climb down near the water flow as it was much easier. He was right but one thing I recommend is make sure the sleeves of your suit are able to be sealed as that cold water pouring down your sleeves into your suit is not pleasant. Also you must wear some tough full fingered gloves I made the mistake of wearing fingerless ones and the limestone is as sharp as razor blades in places. My fingers were shredded, thankfully the cold kept any pain at bay. We spent a few hours making our way through the cave in awe of just how high the water gets in that cave. In chambers that were 20 meters high you could see that the water hits the roof at times, not a place I want to be in a flood. Damian had decided we should try and make it to Mini Kahn Chamber but we got to a point that was only about 15 minutes away from our goal when we came to another exposed climb. Unfortunately my vertigo took over at this point and I wasn't able to do the climb and although their goal was not far they refused to go on without the lame duck so we headed out. The climbs up the water fall which were always the easiest for me also were the wettest so I was glad to get back out to sunshine and warmth. Unfortunately the warmth also meant that my fingers started to bleed and sting. After getting back to the car we decided to head down to the resurgence and have a look. Nice area but the road in is full of deep pot holes and ruts, my poor car didn't like it but made it slowly. We then headed back to Dover and arrived late in the evening.

Milk Run: by Paul Deer

With plans to make it to the bottom and push some questionable leads Damian, Scott, and I headed off to Milkrun for a day's caving. Getting to the cave turned out to be a touch harder than expected due to a fallen tree blocking the path and us therefore not being able to follow the tape trail. With a detour past IB49 and a few other caves we finally made it and started the rigging. Our main attachment point was the tree root running through the middle of the hole which we backed up to the big stringy bark tree not far from the entrance. A 50M rope

was used here. At the bottom of the pitch there was a small level area covered in mud before the next pitch and some old decoration down one wall.



In Milk Run Cave
Photo: Paul Deer

The next 4 pitches (6m, 5m, 5m, 26m) were rather close to each other and were rigged on the same 50m rope which had a solid anchor of a large rock on the right hand side of the top abseil. Due to the length we couldn't afford any more rope to use a backup as we only had 1 meter to spare at the bottom of the last pitch. Due to this rope being a bit old and fuzzy it wouldn't allow Damian to descend with his device so he decided to turn back and exit the cave while Scott and I did a bounce trip down to the bottom of the 47m pitch. Since I had carried a 100 meter rope down for this pitch we were able to set the pitch up with a very solid backup and use that as a safety line as I sat above the pitch on a traverse to rig the main attachment point of a permanent hanger. The placement of this hanger let us have a nice free hanging abseil for almost the whole length of the pitch.

At the bottom of this huge oval tube there were two more abseils in different directions but we had left the last rope at the top of the last pitch so that we didn't leave Damian outside for too long by getting eager. Climbing back up his rope was made easy by the free hang factor, but made hard because I hadn't done any SRT work for a long while.

Once we had both made it all the way out we found that Damien had located several more caves in the area that weren't marked on the map, and two that weren't tagged at all. Thankfully this cave is pretty well dry on the sections we did so the ropes on the walk out were not all that heavy, even though we had 260 meters of it between the three of us. A very nice cave with a very impressive 47 meter pitch in the middle. Well worth the hour long hike in and out.

Alien Abductions, Hangovers, Mass Hypnosis, Conspiracy and other theories: by Damian

Astute readers of this article will no doubt notice a couple of days missing. Well so do we. And frankly it's a bit worrying. Do we all have mass amnesia? I for one, have a few hours missing here and there, after a good drinking session, in my youth. But I always knew about it the next morning, big time. But all of us? Surely something suspicious is going on. I even checked the credit cards. Just in case Amanda had a shopping spree and had somehow managed to hypnotise me in my sleep to block it out. But neither Amanda or interestingly had I used the cards. Where were we?

Obviously as a group of gung ho Cavers, and Marie! We had paid a lot of money to see the holes of Tasmania. Some had waited years and others even flown intercontinentally. Hardly the group who would sit around drinking, clubbing or taking some mind numbing substance. Unfortunately no record of the group receiving any cave permits over the two days has been found either.

Consequently a number of bizarre theories have evolved to account for this time. These include the inevitable Alien Abduction. However my personal favourite comes via Marie who has some recollection of seeing something strange in the woods. Does the Tassie Tiger really exist and have we all been duped into believing we saw nothing? Some wag even suggested we found a new cave and were keeping it secret. Ha! Knowing the glory seekers and blabbermouths among the group I find this highly unlikely as something would have been said or written.

Well as with most amnesia. Time is a great curer. The doctor said bits and pieces might start coming back like a bad dream. Returning to the area may help and I believe Easter may be on the cards. Failing this there is always deep regression therapy or even dare I say it torture. Expect another article to be forthcoming.

Pom.

We didn't get all the stuff done that we wanted to but still managed to have a good time although the trip ended too soon as the Grindleys and Scott had to head to Launceston to catch a plane back to Sydney. Wolfgang headed off to Hobart to start a new job and find a place to live whilst Paul and I spent a couple of days in Hobart before we had to meet up with the next group at Mole creek. Adams report can fill you in on that trip.

Marie Choi.

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Caving in Mole Creek Tasmania – January 2004

The call was sent out from Marie for people to come caving in Tasmania. Having never been caving there I decided that it would make a great break before going back to school. Brigid was keen to come along too and we managed to drag Monica into the trip for good luck.

We left Mt Gambier around lunch on the 17th of January. We stopped at Ballarat to get some gear before heading on to Melbourne for the night. We boarded the ferry bound for Devonport nice and early and after a small delay of about an hour, we were off across Port Phillip Bay, headed for the smooth and calm turquoise blue waters of Bass Strait. Or so we thought. The weather was described to us as smooth, and for a while it was. Soon enough the bigger waves began to roll in, adding a whole new dimension to the word smooth. A few passengers managed to keep the contents of their stomachs down, while others decided to make use of the pretty silver lined bags that were left around the boat. Some even managed to make some deck art, using previously unknown artistic materials. The toilets on the boat provided hours of entertainment for one young caver, who was really impressed with the way they seemed to gobble up their contents. The voyage seemed to drag on forever, and soon enough the water started to calm again and we were in Devonport. An hour or so later we were in Mole Creek, with Marie and Paul, jammed into one of the onsite vans at the camping ground.



In Haile Selassie
Photo: Adam Branford

Sunday we got up nice and early and went to get the gate keys. The ranger was out so we decided to drop into Deloraine to get a few things and ended up in Launceston to find what we were after. We returned to Mole Creek, had lunch, and went off to play with some local cows in the paddock adjacent to the campground while Marie had a snooze. After a while we jumped in the car and headed off to find our first cave, Haile Selassie. It was easy to find so we returned to the campground via some nice slippery 4WD tracks. Once geared up we returned to Haile and prepared the ladder and a belay line in readiness for our descent.

Haile Selassie has about a four metre ladder pitch over an ugly little protrusion of rock which was quite a nice little challenge for Monica who had never been on a wire ladder before. Once harnessed up, (something else for

the first time!) she took to the ladder with gusto. Once at the bottom there is a reasonable amount of decoration to admire. Haile contains some neat straws, some up to around 5 ft long. There is a profuse amount of flowstone down one side which glistened and sparkled whenever our lights hit it. The sparkles certainly came out well in the photos. Towards the back of the cave were some delightful stalagmites that were a clearish white in colour. There were also some great shawls that resembled strips of bacon and some nice long straws. After taking a heap of photos, we headed out the cave to emerge in twilight as it was already after 9 pm. We packed up all our gear, drove home, had a beaut BBQ tea and soon hit the sack.

On Monday I realized that larger framed people with large stomach bones (bones? Ed.) do have a place in caves. Today we were going to do Croesus Cave, apparently notorious for its chilling water, which is quite deep in parts. Paul and Marie were both decked out in flashy trog suits while we novices had to make do with thermals and a windproof outer layer. We looked for the track marker and went into the bush ready for our 30 minute walk to the entrance that was over in 5. We opened the gate, crawled in and saw the largest spider on the face of the earth. Soon we were in the water, and after the initial shock of the cold, I actually thought that the water wasn't too bad and proceeded to enjoy being at one with the biting cold. I put this down to the fact that I currently have a reasonable "winter coat", and so the cold didn't affect me as much as the other skinnies in the group.

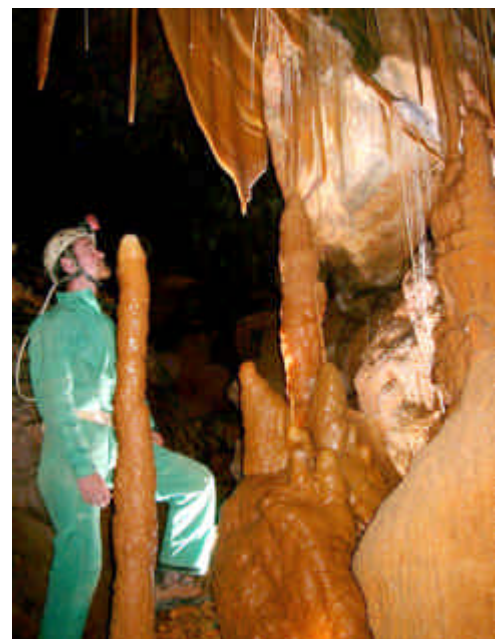


Monica sailing around the Master Lock
Photo: Adam Branford

Croesus was an amazing cave, filled to the brim with amazing decoration and mind numbingly cold water. I was told not to take too many pics as the others would have to wait, and hypothermia is the last thing that we needed. So I took only photos in the highly decorated areas and left the other pretties for some other time. I did note to myself that any amount of decoration back at Mount Gambier would now be somewhat disappointing compared to the unbelievable sights now before me. We swum, paddled and froze through the Master lock, and up towards the rear section of the cave. I took a heap of pics at a massive column that was a

chocolatey brown in colour. We eventually came to a section that had been flagged off, with the only option being a swim through some rather deep water so we decided that we would head back. This decision was also due to the fact that no-one in the group was able to feel their toes and that some were just feeling really cold. Everyone that is, except me. I was feeling great. I'd never been in such an amazing cave and despite the absence of any gloves my hands were warm, and I was ready to go on further. Unfortunately this was not to be and we started to head for the exit. Paul and I took our time so I could pause to take some pics. We were soon out and basking like lizards in the warmth of the sun. I'm glad that we didn't get to the end of Croesus because now I'll have to come back and do it all again.

After Croesus Monica, Brigid, Paul and I went for a look at the Devils Gullet. This was another 16 kms on from Croesus, up a windy, steep gravel road. Once there



Paul examines chocolatey brown decoration. Photo: Marie Choi

however we indulged in magnificent views over to Mt Ossa, Cradle Mountain and other peaks in the distant Tasmanian wilderness. The Gullet is a vertical 220 metre drop, which would make an exciting abseil but a lousy SRT. At the bottom of the cliff were masses of large rocks which were moved during the last ice age. We also went to Lake Mackenzie, and realized that it wasn't just the mainland which has been suffering the affects of drought. The lake was very low and was easily accessible by 4WD. We all cleaned and dried our gear, had some tea and a rest.

A little later we were off to have a look through King Solomon Cave, as we had been given the key for a couple of days. As we were after hours we were able to utilize our own lighting and did so with a different effect from the usual lighting provided in the cave. As you probably all know is it a very spectacular cave, but alas, loses a lot of its appeal with the concrete pathways and copious amounts of garden lighting. I guess it is a way to make caving accessible for the masses, but it certainly detracts from what once would have been an amazing cave. After playing around with flashes, time exposures, special lighting effects and trial and error, we made our way out into the darkness. We all had a play around with our cameras on the metallic trilobite sculpture that stands guard on the side of the track as you head into King Solomon's. Soon it was into bed and off to sleep.

Tuesday saw us heading into Genghis Khan for a look around. We met up with Chris Riley at the gate, and went to find the cave and rig up a hand-line. Soon we were changed and making our way into the cave. The hand-line was useful as the entrance pile is quite steep. Once in, we made our way through to the main chamber where we stood gob smacked at the big stal hanging from the roof in what is a truly massive cavity. The crawl down to the pretties proved to be a bit of a challenge as the mud and stones were quite wet underfoot, thus making the whole exercise a little slippery. Soon enough we were down where the aragonite crystals were located. I'd never seen these delicate formations before and was really amazed by their appearance. We spent quite a bit of time taking pictures and looking around before Chris led us deeper into the cave.



Group in Ghengis Khan
Photo: Marie Choi

We were soon face to face with an amazing selection of columns, flowstone, helictites, stals, aragonite and straws. Much time was taken up with more photography and looking around. I had a bit of a look around and came across a small straw filled room, with many different forms of decoration. I spent some time playing around with my camera before heading back to the group. While I was gone, Brigid had been feeling really ill so she was taken out of the cave by Chris. The rest of us went into the main chamber to take some pics of the big stal. This took a while as we had to fluff around with tripods, flash location and finding somewhere to shoot the picture from. We all took it in turns being flash bunnies for each other, and trying to get the best from our cameras. I must admit that I was a little disappointed with my pics because my mini tripod is becoming a little loose, and some of the images had definite small blurs through movement. Not to worry though... just another Tassie cave that I'll have to come and visit again sometime. Paul and Marie went to check out another

small section of cave that had really clean, undamaged aragonite crystals, while Monica and I decided to head out. Once out, we went back to the cars, changed and went back to the camping ground for a much needed shower. For tea we went to the Ulverstone Pub, and met up with David, a local caver, and some other cavers from NSW. On the way back home we

saw our first Tassie Devil in the Gog forest. Soon we were home and into bed. Tomorrow was to be our rest day.

For our day of rest, we decided to go to Cradle Mountain National Park and complete the Dove Lake circuit, a relaxing 3 hour stroll around the shores of the lake. Once there we decided to have a crack at one of the more challenging walks, so off we went. Paul is obviously much fitter than the rest of us so he went ahead to try and summit Cradle Mountain before we got back from our walk. Soon we were over Glacier rock and up the Lake Rodway track. It didn't look too hard on the map, but it was a bit of a slog. The wind was blowing quite hard and was very cold. Snow had fallen on the peaks around us the night previously and so, the wind was quite nasty. We reached Mt Hanson after about an hour and a half, and took in the great views of Dove Lake and Cradle Mountain. From there we went under Little Horn and along the face track. This was an exposed section of trail that passed just under the peaks of Little Horn and Weindorfers Tower. At the next junction we took a track that went down past Lake Wilks. On the map it was marked as being "quite rough and steep." Yes... it most certainly was. After we passed the Lake, the track again went rough and steep as we clambered our way down the wet, muddy trail. At the bottom we continued around Dove Lake, past the Boat Shed and back to the car park. Paul caught up with us as he descended from Marions Lookout. He had managed to Summit Cradle Mountain, but unfortunately the views had been shrouded by low cloud. In all it was a highly enjoyable but tiring day and it is highly recommended if you are in this part of the world.

After our walk but before we were heading home we stopped to look at a one of the huts that were around. While walking into the front gate, Monica shouted something and Paul called that I look out. For barrelling down the hill, at top speed, was a wombat, heading straight for me. It was quite large in size and was fairly keen to get to where it was going, regardless of whether I was there or not. I quickly turned and jumped as this marsupial on a mission flew under me and ducked into its burrow under the hut. I would never have believed that wombats can run so fast. I now have a morbid fear of meeting one of these creatures face to face in a cave. If they have no fear of a 6ft, 100+ kg male, standing in its way, what chance would I have against meeting one on my stomach, underground?

Upon our return, we rested. Paul, Marie and Chris went down to the local for some tea, while Monica, Brigid and I stayed around the campsite to eat.



Adam at Column in Lynds Cave
Photo: Marie Choi

Thursday saw us going into Lynds for a bit of a look around. Monica and Brigid decided to sit out of this one because of the cold they felt in Croesus. We started off with a waddle down the river to the entrance. After a short climb we were at the middle entrance and were ready to go. Once past the gate there is a smallish hole that has a drop on the other side. I struggled a bit with this and had to get some assistance to get through. A short scramble saw us in the main chamber and heading into the heart of the cave. Like Croesus the water was numbingly cold, but my winter coat provided that little extra layer of warmth. The cave has some massive walls of flowstone that have in recent years, fallen off the sides of the cave and crashed into the streambed below. Apparently this happened around 6 years ago following an earthquake in the area. I must admit that the thought of the walls crashing in on me was making me feel a little uneasy but I progressed all the same.

The streambed was great fun to follow as we progressed



Adam in Lynds Cave
Photo: Marie Choi

towards the rockpile. The decoration was copious and varied. When we arrived at the rockpile we had to get down and dirty as we crawled our way along the pebbly streambed. The cold was numbing on my fingers as I splashed along, watching out for the pretties hanging from the roof. Once at the bottom of the pile we had to crawl up on into the middle of the pile. I found this was a bit of a challenge but gave it my best. I tried to get through the first of the two squeezes but to no avail. Once again the pot bellied Branford was left high and dry, legs kicking away in the air, with no chance of forward movement. It was at this point we turned around and decided to head out.

During the trog out we stopped at several spots to take more photos of the decoration. We then worked our way out via the streambed. The stream was a little slippery but good fun to walk along. At the end there was a small waterfall from which you had to jump down into a pool of chest high water. This was great fun and proved to be the highlight of Lynds for me. Quickly we were out and into

the glaring sun, able to let our bodies warm up. Paul and I decided to swim across the river and walk upstream to the cars. Marie and Chris opted for the bush route, which would have been better when you consider how slippery the rocks were. I fell in at least 6 times, whilst Paul was dragged downstream a dozen metres or so. By the time we were back at the cars my legs were so sore from fighting the current and continually losing my balance.

That night Marie and Paul went to the local for tea whilst Monica, Brigid and I sat around at the van sorting stuff out and tidying up. Tomorrow was to be our final day of caving, and we were planning to go to the more special parts of Marakoopa. Later that night we realised that we had the neighbours from hell. While we were sitting peacefully in the van, the gentleman next door had the greatest hits of Kylie Minogue absolutely blaring out of his big Ford F150. This was soon followed by the greatest hits of the 80's, there for all in the park to hear.

After a bit of a slow start, the three from the Mount decided to go down to Liffey Falls for a quick look. The track down was a peaceful 20 minute walk with the falls cascading at the bottom. It was very scenic at the bottom, and was well worth the effort. After a few photos we headed back up for the car, and made our way back to Mole Creek. On the way back we had a quick look at Quamby Bluff and decided it would be better climbed another day. We also stopped at Lobster Falls and decided that it too was a little too far for today. After a quick rest



In Marakoopa Cave.

Photo: Adam Branford.

we were ready to go and have a look in Marakoopa. It was about here sometime that I realised that I'd left my second battery for my digital camera somewhere in the bowels of Lynds. Buzzer!

In Marakoopa 1 we had a quick look at the glow worms in the first large chamber. They were fairly dim but still visible. The two guys we met at the Ulverstone pub had met up with us and were guiding us through Marakoopa 2. The ladder climb down to the streambed was much easier than Haile Selassie, and we all managed it easily. After a quick rock scramble we were on our way up

and into the best bits of the cave. Just up and around the corner from the main streamway we came across a large tank of water. This was apparently for releasing water down the stream in the drier times for the advantage of the tourists who frequent the cave. The running water certainly adds to the appeal of the cave. Once past this section we followed the cave before going through the fireplace. This is a small section that is considered tight by Tasmanian standards. I managed this easily as the floor was easily enlarged due to the pebbles underneath.

On the other side we worked our way over the rockpiles and boulders before scaling a steep climb to get us into the Aragonite chamber. Full of really weird formations, this chamber was awesome. There was so much to see and photograph. From here there was a small crawl up a passage with a flowstone floor that ended in a heavily decorated chamber. From the Aragonite section there was also a small crawlway that lead up to the selenite crystals. These hair thin, perfectly straight crystals were amazing to see but very difficult to photograph. We sat and had a good look around these sections of the cave for quite a while. Once finished taking pics and investigating all there was to see, we made our way out. The ladder climb up to the Marakooopa 1 was easy and after a few photos we were out into the cool Tassie air. We had been in the cave for nearly 4 hours and now at 10:30 pm, decided it was time to eat.



Armchair Caver, Adam Branford in Marakooopa Cave. Photo: Marie Choi.

Next morning we packed and started to make our way home. Paul was flying back to Adelaide today and Marie was collecting some other people for another week away. Those from the Mount were spending a night in Port Sorell before sailing across Bass Strait and driving back home. In all, the trip was fantastic with the experience of caving in Tasmania unforgettable. I'll certainly be back for more, but how soon is yet to be decided. Thanks must go to Marie for organizing what has been a great week around Mole Creek.

Adam Branford.

2005 sees the ASF conference in Southern Tassie. If you are interested in doing a post conference trip to mole creek from the 9th of January please contact me as I have arranged for permits. Numbers are limited so get in early.

Marie.

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Collins Cave

Mt Gambier.

Home from Tassie less than one week, and I needed something to do to relax. What did I do? I went caving...

After some discussion with Motty, I decided that it would be worth checking out some of the local features which I still had not looked at. One of those features is Collins Cave, located less than one kilometre from the edge of town. This cave has been known to locals for some time, as the damage in the cave suggests. Collins Cave was the scene of a search and rescue some years ago, but as the offenders concerned emerged from the entrance, surrounded by SES, Police, CFS and St Johns Ambulance personnel, the rescue was

aborted. It seems that a local resident had watched the lads park their car, jump the fence and disappear into the cave, albeit without permission. Some hours later when the local noticed that the car was still there, they became concerned and notified the police, who then initiated a search and rescue. The lads were charged with trespass, but I'm unsure of what the penalty was. Needless to say, the boys were quite embarrassed at the whole scenario, and in true Mt Gambier style, the local media were there to capture it all for TV.

The cave entrance is located on the side of a rubbish filled doline. A delicate aroma of dead bovine fills the nostrils as soon as you alight from your vehicle. The cave has a gate but this hasn't been locked for sometime. Apparently the padlock is broken off as soon as it is replaced, with the landowner eventually giving up on the idea of keeping the cave secure.

Once in the cave, there is a steep slope around some rocks down to the bottom. From here the path leads through a slippery slot. Due to the large amount of rain in Mt Gambier over the last 12 months, the cave is quite active, with the slot being really quite slippery. Once past the slot, the cave emerges into a reasonable chamber that would have once been full of decoration. Unfortunately, years of visitation from locals, has destroyed all decoration except for one large stalagmite. Right through the length of the chamber, graffiti and wanton destruction is visible. Large stalagmites have been snapped off, and even a section of flowstone, split with a sharp instrument.

About halfway along the left hand side of the chamber is a passage leading down to a lower level of cave, which is off the current map altogether. Above the start of the passage are masses of carbon written graffiti. You can't miss the passage; it's the one underneath one of the big red crosses spray painted on the roof. Once through the passage, the cave drops down to another level. Heading to the right, you soon enter a sand floored chamber which, after closer inspection is actually a floor of calcite flakes which are quite deep. A short crawl leads on from there, which is quite low, and crumbly. The damage reaches these low and out of the way places, with carbon etched graffiti even down here.

Heading back to the connecting passage one is pleasantly greeted with the sight of a smashed coke bottle in the side of the wall. The remainder of the lower section appears to choke out into rocks, although there is one tiny awkward crawl, which would take the likes of Glowacki to even consider negotiating it. Once back in the main chamber we headed for the south eastern end of it which seems to lie above a rather large collapse. It is in here that the worst of the graffiti is visible. Carbon writing, scratching and spray painting have all been liberally applied over the years. Once we'd finished in the rear of the cave, we headed out. We were in the cave for over 3 hours and none of us could believe just how much damage had been done in this cave, and how extensive the damage was.

Strewn all the way throughout the cave and in particular the main chamber is broken glass. Bottles have been smashed deep into the cave, with brown, green and clear shards scattered all over the floor. There were lolly and chocolate bar wrappers, material, lengths of fishing line, old tins and even some money bags, likely used to once hold cannabis.

We didn't manage to go into the other half of the cave. This is the un-surveyed maze side that even local cave guru; Fred Aslin once got lost in. Another trip will soon be organized to explore and assess the damage in the North western maze.

Following our look in Collins Cave, it would be good to see a few things will happen. Digital images taken in the cave will be shown to the landowner as he has never been in it and therefore has no idea of his cave's content. As a result, he will hopefully consider locking the cave again, or thinking about having a more solid gate made. In the upcoming months I plan to conduct a clean up of the cave, with the aim of taking all glass and litter out. Further exploration needs to be done in the north western side, with the map requiring much

upgrading. I guess I may be a bit of a busy boy in the upcoming months. I'll keep you posted as to any progress I may or may not have with this cave.

Adam Branford.

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Nullarbor Trip Report, 9-14 March 2004

CEGSA: Graham Pilkington, Ian Lewis

Swansea Caving Club (Wales): Stefan Döerr, Alex and Rob.

Karst features visited: 6N3, N17, (N25's alter ego), N45, N48, N168, N174, N596, N606, N607, N650, N734, N1017, N1188, N2655.

Ian had given a short talk at a geomorphology conference in Victoria earlier this year. His topic was karst and cave landforms of the lower SE of South Australia and the Nullarbor. This generated much interest as a novelty for most attendees. From this interest, three scientists from Wales, who just happen to be cavers, decided to try some experimental cave detection techniques over selected Nullarbor caves and blowholes. Alex and Rob had to come from the UK but managed to obtain a microgravity meter, electronic distance measuring (EDM) survey gear, and a portable meteorological station. Since Ian did not have the latest Nullarbor data for site selection he contacted me for suggestions. After a short debate Ian and I decided to go out to the Nullarbor at the start of the proposed three week trip to discuss Nullarbor karst genesis with the others and to navigate them to the proposed sites. The main site chosen was N3 – Abrakurrie Cave. It has a 320m long linear passage 35m wide and 30m high with only 40m of rock above the void. An excessively large target for microgravity detection but it will provide calibration information about rock density and the effects of the buried surface topology. Close to N3 are a few suitable blowholes. Viz they must have a strong draft, be accessible to a depth of at least 4m, and have a constriction to channel the air.

Tuesday 9: Ian had collected Stefan from the airport on the weekend. They came out to my place so that Stefan could travel with me and to move excess gear into my van. We travelled out to Max Meth's place in Ceduna where we stayed for the night.

Wednesday 10: We had a leisurely trip out to Eucla where we met up with Alex & Rob to



N174 camp: Ian, Stefan, Rob and Alex

travel out to the campsite near Abrakurrie. Recent rain made the track interesting but easily negotiated. After a brief stop at Chowilla Landslip (N17), camp was made in doline N174 because the deeper soils made it possible to peg down the tents, and it was only 400m from Abrakurrie. The microgravity meter was set up to establish a control station and ensure that it had survived the trip from Perth. Alex and Rob had stopped off at Cocklebidy Cave (N48) on the way over and had made trial runs both over the cave and where the cave might have a southerly extension.

Thursday 11: To start the day, I took lots of photos of N174 and made a survey of the doline using my GPS. Alex and Rob conducted a gravity traverse across the doline. The EDM is needed to accurately determine the station elevations to better than 10mm and to

obtain terrain data. This is necessary for eliminating topographic effects from the gravity readings.

Between showers of rain we went out to N2655 where Alex and Rob set up a Met station in the blowhole and on the surface to record such things as temperature, humidity, barometric pressure and air speed.

Most of the day was actually consumed discussing all aspects of Nullarbor cave genesis. This included published theories, other possible scenarios, and the fact that different caves will have formed from different processes, some prior to the deposition of the later limestones.

Friday 12: Ian had to return home, setting off by 7:30am. I went over to Abrakurrie and photo documented parts of the doline including interesting re-cemented talus deposits and depositional structures displayed in the cliffs.

Stefan and I left Alex and Rob at N2655 to start their gravity survey while we went off to check out other blowholes as possible gravity survey sites. Along the way I visited other known karst features to accurately record their locations and to take photos of them for Records. We saw rockholes N606, N650, N596, and a new one that had water in it close to fissure N607 which itself is close to the huge hole of N45. Stefan descended the talus scree down to just above the water chamber while I was doing the locating/photography.



N168 as seen from 14m away showing how close you need to get to see a hole.



N168 at 3m: N168 as seen from 3m away.

N168 had been a possible target but had no air movement. However it was interesting in that it was about 9m deep and 2m diameter with cemented rubble fill still coating some of the shaft walls showing that it had re-emptied after having had a stable fill for many years.

Lonesome Cave (N734) had a very strong draft coming from its blowhole entrance. It drops into a small cave. I considered this to be a good gravity site because the surface

was flat and nearly clear of vegetation with the nearest trees being at least 100m away. N1188 was amongst the trees about 300m from N734. It was a poor site because of not just the trees but it was only 1.5m deep and had no constricted airway.



N734: vertical shot illustrating the use of a GPS unit in the photo to show north, to give a scale (0.13m) and to give the location. For the GPS to be legible, it needs a minimum of 2Mpixels if the photo is taken at shoulder height; 4Mp or more is more reliable.

Saturday 13: I set off home in the light drizzle. For a desert, the Nullarbor gets a lot of rain. The problem is that most of it evaporates. The “soil” is lucky to get wet to more than a centimetre, and that only lasts a few hours. On the way back I logged N1017 – a small hole beside one of the tracks leading from the Old Coach Road and the quarry 8km north of Eucla. Once at the quarry, the rain stopped, and I remembered a comment about the cave in a photo that Max had taken five years earlier - the supposed lost N25. The comment was from a Eucla local who recognised the entrance as one “north of the quarry”. With time to spare as I had left camp early to get out while the tracks were not too wet for my van to handle, I decided to look for the missing cave. All I had to do was drive along the appropriate track north of the quarry and there it was. Later it turned out that Max had got it wrong when he had labelled his photo. This had resulted in numerous searches for “N25” to match Max’s photo. The good thing was that CEGSA has located many new features in the area, including what is probably the real N25, even if we had mistakenly thought it was a new feature.

With the current GPS giving an accuracy of a few metres, all our newly recorded karst features are less likely to go missing. But it is necessary to visit all of the pre-GPS features to get accurate locations before no-one remembers how to get to them. The 800 or so features in the “Quartermain-Wheeler” karst index that CEGSA inherited are a case in point. The compilers and their companions have now all died, leaving us with some location maps and written descriptions of how to get to them. Many have been found because they correspond with those that we already know, while others have been located by search, but a good number are still sight unseen.

Graham Pilkington.

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Easter 2004 - Naracoorte No 1

Well it started out with Pom1 (Damian) mentioning in Tassie that he would like to come down to Naracoorte for Easter, then all the family was coming, with Paul, Chris and myself that made 7. Oh by the way, asks Damian, can my mate Phil from SSS come. Of Course we couldn’t leave out the locals, so Adam, Brigid, Monica and Nick decided to join us, then Pom 2 (Ian Farhall) decide it was time to come caving again and introduce his wife and twin girls to us, next came the Sefton’s Clan and the Woodcock clan and just for good measure Tim Moulds and Alice were going to be there so could they join in. I thought that was it then Ian Lewis decided to pay us a quick visit. So it went from a group of 7 to 26 (including Kids) very quickly.

We had to book out all the bunk houses and the house to cover everyone. It was decided to set the families up in the house whilst the rest of us took over the bunk rooms. Steve did us a great deal as he had a couple of projects in mind. Paul Chris and I left mid afternoon on Thursday in Paul’s new beast and got to Naracoorte early evening so Chris could cook us a roast. Tim and Alice arrived mid evening. We weren’t expecting others until mid morning to lunch time on Friday, to our surprise The Pom arrived with his carload from Mudgee in the morning; they tried to scare me by throwing a small child at me. Soon the others started arriving and the first caving trips were on, but the others can tell you about them. We all gathered for dinner at the communal kitchen with most people cooking for small groups, It was my turn to cook for Paul and Chris, Yes I do cook sometimes but because I knew that Pom wouldn’t have room in his car for food and the shops would be closed I offered to cook for them too so now I was cooking for 6 adults and one child, then as it looked like I would have plenty I invited Pom 2 and Jane to join us. 120 spring rolls (90 pork, 50 Chicken) (**somebody can’t add up!!! Ed.**) barbecue pork spare ribs and chicken wings along with stir

fried noodles. The spring rolls were tested by all there and the rest of the food soon diminished and as of writing this report all my victims are still living.

Thank god we were going out to dinner at the Naracoorte hotel on Saturday night.

Oops big mistake, most of us rocked up at the pub together at 7.15pm, with Phil and I putting in our order first. The Woodcocks and Sefton's who were served after us finished their meals before any of the rest of us even received ours with me predicting that we would be served last. Ian and Damian rolled up at 8.30 and received their meal before Phil and I. So we called over a waitress to find out what was going on. 15 minutes later we were told that they would be coming soon, the girl we spoke too was quite apologetic and seemed to be the only staff person concerned. I cancelled my meal after speaking to the manager and got a refund. Phil got his meal and a refund at 9pm! So what can I say about this place. The food is ordinary, some of the waitress although not all are down right rude and this is not the first time we have not been happy with their service so I'm afraid its no more meals at Billy Macs at the Naracoorte for us. I think we will go for a BBQ at caves or try the other pub.

Sunday evening was back at the camp with the woodcocks the first to leave that evening. The rest of us made our way back at various times on Monday. Other than the pub dinner a good time was had by all. Now you can read about the various trips that occurred.

Marie Choi.

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Elderslie Cave. 9th April 2004

Participants; - Damian & Amanda Grindley plus Paul Deer CEGSA
Philip Maynard SUSS,
Tim Moulds et al

The cave has been described previously and a survey produced. The calcite rafts are truly world class, easily damaged and rather photogenic, if a little easy to over expose.

A small extension into a parallel low area was discovered on this trip by skirting a rafted pool. Surveyed by Phil Maynard and Tim Moulds the discovery amounted to 51.8 m of passage with a vertical drop of 4.5m in 10 shots ending in a low "calcite city" of a flattener. (Data courtesy of Auriga palm pilot based cave surveying software).

We have the previous survey but not the previous data to be able to add this extension and another found by others later in the weekend. Anybody have the data?



Tim Moulds over Calcite Rafts.
Photo: Damian Grindley

Damian Grindley.

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Elderslie Cave – U215

Being the second trip into this cave track marking was high on the agenda, along with taking photos and surveying some of the new sections. Damien was in charge of the survey and along with Phil went ahead into the cave as the rest were getting ready. Brigid and I followed along shortly afterwards and caught up with them at the base of the first sand cone. Since we had a lot of survey and tack marking work to do, we went forward and let the others

catch-up. Brigid liked the look of the Calcite rafts in the first passage and was eager to get into the deeper sections to see the decent stuff.



Chris over Calcite Rafts.
Photo: Damian Grindley.

As we got to the start of the Calcite floor, everyone was looking in the small cracks at the calcite rafts down the bottom until I took the liberty of pointing out the room behind us with a floor thickly covered in calcite. Everyone was amazed at the amount of calcite around. When we started walking down the track everyone was cringing with each move, as it is impossible to take a step without hearing the horrible sound of a calcite flake breaking somewhere. After track marking the first section, we arrived at the first rock island with one possible lead. Briefly looking around I was disappointed with the size of the cave. My memories of this particular side passage held it in a much

more promising light and we decided not to bother with it at the moment. Progressing further into the cave we left Brigid behind to meet up with the others.

We came to another fork where I knew a lead was and Phil said there was nothing to be found, disappointed I took the group to the end of the cave. Photos were taken on the way out and we decided to explore the first lead we looked at. 40 meters of passage was found in here and surveyed.

We came out nearly on sunset again and it reminded me of the first trip into the cave. It really is an awesome cave for the area and I hope it can be saved.

Paul Deer.

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Saturday April 10

Chris, Tim, Alice and I set off for Bat caves around the lower south east. Tim was on the look out for pseudo scorpions. First stop was to show him where he could find wrecked car cave for a future trip. As we turned onto the dirt road we were greeted by a cute little dog that once he saw us decided he wanted us so chased us down the road. We showed Tim the cave property and picked the pooch up on the way. He was very cute although a bit smelly and went straight for the cat person in the car (me). We stopped at the nearest house but no luck so decided to take him into Penola to the police, but they were out we rang the number and were put through to Gambier police who weren't sure what to do but would call me back. In the mean time Chris went wandering down the main street and just after we finished talking to the Gambier council who were going to send someone down in a couple of hours, Chris returned with the news that the info centre, which is part of the local council would take care of him, well done Chris. So we were on our way again.

We stopped off at Gran, Gran no sign of bats but we did find about 7 scorpions, well the others did. Then off to Mt Burr we only found a small number of bats and no bugs other than small spiders, also some idiot had been in the cave and damaged some of the old formation right next to the bat chamber, could this account for the low number of bats. Next we headed for Snake hill; I knew there were lots of bats there because I had only been in there a few weeks ago. They were still there and very active, again no scorpions but its amazing how many spiders lie under all those rocks on the floor. Next stop was just to show Tim where the

wandilo caves were unfortunately its been some years since I have been there I remembered the road but couldn't find the right track. We were running out of time because we were booked in for a pub meal so we headed back to clean up for our great night out. Ha Ha!!

Marie Choi.

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Big Bird Cave. 10th and 12th

Participants;- Damian Grindley and Paul Deer CEGSA
Philip Maynard SUSS

This cave was nameless, numberless and surveyless prior to us descending on Naracoorte for the Easter weekend. In truth the survey of this cave was one of the main goals of the long weekend. The survey being required for an upcoming paper on some fossil bones found within the cave. My layman's understanding is these where of *Progora naracoortensis* an extinct megafauna Malleefowl. These bones shed further light on this species. (Hopefully this statement is suitably vague and does not steal the thunder from said paper).

Saturday morning and the realisation that there might be a very good reason why this cave had never been surveyed began to sneak in, particularly as Steve Bourne was quite happy to drive us to the entrance, but rather reluctant to enter. He did however seem convinced it was a short cave and wouldn't take us long. The entrance solution tube had obviously been revealed when a fifty-meter square area had had its topsoil removed. For station one a fencing staple was hammered into the lip and we where off. The tube dropped onto a tight rubble slope with a rusty bucket hinting of previous enlargement. Leaving the right hand lead at the base of the slope for another day, a constriction on the left was surveyed through too a small boulder chamber with a narrow blind rift. From here a low flattener at a slightly lower level led to a rubble squeeze up into a slightly larger chamber you could actually stand up in. At its end a draught was followed over a small dirt influx to extend the known cave by 14m before the air disappeared.

Well by Monday morning, two sleeps and several fitful dreams later the remaining question mark and associated draught had turned into something quite intriguing. Besides, it seemed a shame to leave the survey incomplete. Unfortunately I speak for myself as I suspect Phil required several more REM sleeps before he could be persuaded to return. Consequently Paul Deer took up the instruments and the tapes short end for what turned out to be a final two legs. The lead led down from the base of the entrance slope to a low 6m long chamber. Two draughting tubes led off from this but proved way too tight for even Paul's slender frame.

The intent of the trip had also been to test a new "in cave" surveying program (Auriga) built into an armoured Palm Pilot. Unfortunately this refused to function on the day causing some embarrassment. We did however manage a fudge so it would calculate angles back at base but it was not until returning home did this Dodo realise the station input was set in the 1.01, 1.02, 1.03 etc format and hence its refusal to accept 1,2,3 etc. Back to Sesame Street I suppose. Duh. Anyway a review of this tool will have to await another trip and article. The name "Big Bird Cave" was christened not long after this realization. It was intended as a reflection of the caves contents, I hasten to add.

At 102m length and 15.5m depth in 23 legs this is a small scrotty little cave and really not worth troubling the landowner for a visit. Luckily we had other caves lined up to justify our journey through the night from Sydney and the Blue mountains!

Damian.

Henschke's Quarry Caves. 11th April 2004

Participants;- Damian Grindley and Paul Deer CEGSA
Philip Maynard SUSS, Steve Bourne NPWS

The owners of the quarry have been very good over the years in letting cavities discovered in the course of operations be investigated for their significance. Particularly from a palaeontology viewpoint.

Steve had already peeked into the latest cavity (Still nameless and numberless) but had not explored the passage into areas that required crawling. The entrance slope dropped into a sizeable passage with a breakdown floor. This soon rose into an area of impressive sand cones that proved difficult to photograph well. What seemed like forty digital snaps with slaves only produced a couple of decent shots. This had been the limit of Steve previous exploration. Unfortunately the cave closed down beyond this, into a small gap between the ceiling and the associated dropped slabs. No significant deposits or draughts were found. The cave being relatively deep had clearly been sealed prior to quarrying.



Steve Bourne at the Sand Cones.
Photo: Damian Grindley.

Paul and Phil surveyed using a Disto and Digital Compass. This has yet to be drawn up and the surface location pinpointed. Actually I am not sure who has the data and is doing this. Note to self to check.



Phil and Steve examine a calcite raft segment.
Photo: Damian Grindley.



Calcite Raft segment.
Photo: Damian Grindley

Following this we peeked into Henschke's wet cave. This had been sealed for some time. Had nice calcite rafts that at one time would have rivalled those in Elderslie cave in quality. The one room was surprisingly sizable and the crystals forming the rafts verged on dogtooth spar dimensions. We all speculated on the conditions of time and humidity that formed these.

What was more fascinating to me was the current extent of the quarry clearly revealed a pattern to the deeper cavities of the ridge. No evidence of cross flow in a bedding plane and associated collapse chambers. Rather a trunk passage following the line of the ridge.

Damian.

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Sunday Evening April 11 - Bat cave

Well at last a chance to enter bat cave to help Tim with his project. A couple had gone in on Friday night and tonight was Damian and my turn. Little did we know what we were in for? First the climb down the ladder with gear and then into an amazingly large chamber full of Bat Shit. I job was to scrape out the dropping from the 36 bowls placed throughout the cave and bag them along with samples under the bowls. Then we had to remove the jars and replace them for the next trip, oh joy. It wasn't too bad at first until you also got a bowl full of bat urine as well, then you start gagging. Even so it was well worth the trip with a chance to see this amazing cave and the enormous piles of bat guano. I had no idea just how big the cave was, it's pretty spectacular. We were in the cave for just over an hour and exited to be greeted by Steve Bourne. Steve is heading to Mole creek in about a months time for a caving conference and has been invited on a trip to Kubla, his SRT skills are a little rusty and we organised for him to have a refresher up in the tree the next morning. Oh what fun we could have!

Marie Choi.

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Elderslie Day 2

Ian Lewis, Ian Farhall and I went back into Elderslie cave to have one last look for the weekend. Throughout the journey into the cave we were consistently stopping and Ian Lewis was teaching us two about how caves were formed, phreatic layers, and other special things about this cave. I was amazed about how much information could be extracted from the markings on the walls and hope I can remember it all next caving trip. When we got to the section where Phil said there were no leads the previous day, I decided to look again as my original memory of the cave showed a lead in that section. I found an extra 70 – 120 meters of mud filled phreatic passage. Adding this to the previous day's survey the cave now totals over 500 meters and there are still some smaller passages unexplored, and a breeze has been located on the left hand side of the final mud cone.

With the information that Ian Lewis can gain from the cave, and the significance of the find, I was again in awe of the cave. It really is something worth the effort of saving as it is such a unique cave for the area.

Paul Deer.

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Easter 2004 - Naracoorte No 2

Friday morning Monica, Nick, Brigid and I came from Mount Gambier for a long weekend of caving in Naracoorte. The first thing we did was head straight for Wirreanda Bunkhouse to meet up with everyone else on the trip. It was great to catch up with some old familiar faces before heading out to the first job.



Phil Maynard exiting Elderslie Cave.
Photo: Damian Grindley.

The first cave to be looked at was Elderslie Cave in one of the local quarries. There was much surveying to be done in the cave and soon enough there was a core group of people who were up to the task. Brigid, Monica and I were going to have a quick look around and maybe help out with the survey but that didn't happen. Brigid went in with the surveying party and spent some time in there looking around. There were many large calcite rafts in the cave, some as big as dinner plates. Monica and I followed Chris and Marie in, but soon made a hasty exit.

Monica had some difficulties getting into the cave and decided to head back out. I went in and had a bit of a look around but was feeling

quite uncomfortable with the masses of fresh limestone blocks scattered across the floor. The roof was quite crumbly when lightly touched and so I decided too that I would head out. I really don't like being in caves that are loose and so had no trouble in deciding that I wouldn't be spending time in Elderslie's. It was interesting chatting to Steve latter that night and hearing that nearly all of the fresh slabs on the floor had all come down over the last 12 months.

Saturday morning we four went for a bit of a wander in a couple of holes on the reserve. Firstly we had a bit of a poke around in Appledore. Brigid spent some time around the entrance doing some art for school while the rest of us went in. This was the first time that Nick had been caving and so we took it quite slow. We soon found some little crawly bits to mess around in and have a bit of a look around. Pretty soon Brigid caught up with us and we had some more of a crawl around before heading back out.

Next we moved onto Little Vic to have another crawl around. Apparently we looked quite a sight as the tourists waiting at Victoria Fossil were gawking at the scruffy, dirty and dusty cavers walking past them. We may have been aliens from the stares we were getting. At Little Vic I'd forgotten what the way in was like and found it a bit of a challenge making my way down between the rockpile and the wall. Nick decided that it was a bit much for him and so he exited. Monica, Brigid and I meanwhile went into the bottom of the cave for a very quick look around before working our way out again.

After lunch, Monica and I went to do a little work in Stick cave for Steve. We were trying to hide lights that had been pulled out by the public, and rebury wiring and other electrical paraphernalia. Some of the lights had really been pulled out and required some considerable work. We also tried to make the light surrounds look more natural and cave like. After working on this for a while, we were granted permission to have a look around Tomato cave. We crawled around in there for a while before heading back out and off to Wirreanda for a well deserved shower and fresh change of clothes.

Sunday morning Monica, Nick, Brigid, Ian and I all went with Amanda for a play in Blackberry cave. This was great fun as I hadn't been in there for years. After an initial navigational error on behalf of Amanda, we slowly progressed our way through the cave. Going through the

slot was fun, as was watching Brigid work her way through the Letterbox. We took a few snaps and had a bit of a chat before working our way through to the second entrance. Nick decided to pop out here whilst the rest of us went back through to the main entrance. Some of us tried different ways back, and eventually we emerged from the cave, grubby but smiling.

After lunch, Marie, Chris, Tim, Alice, Monica, Nick, Brigid and I all went to South of Penola to have a look around L23. Chris spent the afternoon wandering around on the surface looking for new caves. After making our way through the most awkward gate known to mankind, we made our way through to the first chamber. The cave has some great limestone strata, with the rock having a great range of colours. After a small crawl we entered the chamber, which has an amazing array of fine tree roots from the roof. Once we'd reached this section of the cave, Alice and Nick decided that they'd head back out, as the way on was going to be a little tight. Neither Alice nor Nick has had much experience in caving, and both did extremely well to get as far as they did.



Alice in L23.
Photo: Marie Choi.

From here we went through a little squeeze section which took us into the decorated section. This is a really nice chamber which has some great straws and small columns which I took a lot of pictures of. There are some amazing roof slabs which encroach into the chamber in all manner of weird angles. After taking a selection of pics, we decided to head out of the cave. It was a great little cave to crawl around and we thank Steve for allowing us to go into L23. We decided to travel back to Wirreanda via an assortment of gravel roads and tracks, and soon ended up travelling on the Border road, and turned off near the mighty metropolis of Wrattenbully.

After a quiet night at Wirreanda, we woke to the final day of caving. Tim was keen to have a look around in Cave Park Cave for some of the insects that he has been studying as part of his studies. After being granted

permission by the landowners, we went up for a look around the cave. As we didn't have the means to ladder in the main entrance, we went up and had a look in the

rear slot entrance. Brigid and Tim easily slipped into the slot and made their way through the cave to the main entrance. Unfortunately, as usual, I wasn't able to fit in so we returned to Wirreanda to commence the clean up. Tim and Brigid soon returned, with some new data for analysis by Tim.

Once cleaned up, we headed for home. Brigid and I decided to travel back along the Border road for as far as we could, aware that the road deviates around several large pastoral properties along the way. The trip home however was fantastic, as we located a large flock of Red Tailed Black Cockatoos feeding in some Stringy Bark along the border. These Cockatoos are endangered and are rare to see. The location and number of birds were noted and will be reported to the Red Tailed management group.

And so another Easter of underground antics came to an end. It was great to see some familiar faces again, some after a few years. Thanks must go to Marie for once again organising a great weekend.

Adam.

Easter 2004 - Naracoorte No 3

Kids: Damon Reece, Russell and Alex Woodcock, Alistair and Murray Sefton.
Parents: Jeanette Chapman, Gary Woodcock, Karin and Mark Sefton.

The Easter holidays gave a few of the younger family members of CEGSA a chance to see some of the caves around Naracoorte for the first time. On the Saturday, the nine of us first went to Blackberry and traversed from the west to eastern entrance. Beyond this point, Gary and I suffered from temporary memory loss as we tried to remember which of the grovels constituted the way on. Eventually we located the letterbox and crawl into the next chamber where a few photos were taken for Alex's school project. From here we returned to the eastern entrance, after admiring the active calcite deposits in this chamber and start of the passage beyond.

Next we took the boys into the Stick entrance of Wet cave and, after investigating the tourist section of the cave, continued on to the Tomato entrance where I had earlier rigged a ladder. All managed the climb out without difficulty – the first taste of ladder climbing for most of them.

The next day (Easter day) the same group as yesterday did a 4 hour trip into Beekeepers (minus Murray who came with us in the car but stayed glued to the car radio listening to Port Adelaide flogging the bejesus out of Hawthorn). But first we all went for a walk to Brown Snake entrance where I got a good GPS fix to go with a similar good fix on Beekeepers. The boys really enjoyed this cave, especially the Easter eggs that the Easter Bunny had placed in the passage just after the dry duck-under. We proceeded to the far end of the cave and had a look for leads. Straight ahead (opposite the passage from which we entered the final chamber), the collapse reached down to the floor, and although there was a possibility that the wall was undercut here, it would be a mammoth dig, with no guiding breeze. At the right hand end of the chamber was a collapse from above which looked like it probably once reached to the surface, and there was no promising lead here at all. To the left, however, we found two leads not shown on the map. Gary took the crawl straight ahead which went for about 50 m before becoming tight, while I took a 10 m crawl, approximately 90° to the left of Gary's which continued, but too tight without a hammer. We then headed back out. The boys lead for the whole way and didn't put a foot wrong with route finding – not bad for a group of 6-9 year olds who had been distracted by Easter eggs on the way in. They had no difficulty at all with the climb out and all said they thoroughly enjoyed the caving.

Mark Sefton.

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TECHNICAL and OTHER ARTICLES

MEMBERSHIP FEES

CEGSA MEMBERSHIP FEES FOR YEAR 2004

Full Membership	\$ 44.00
Full Country Membership	38.00
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Single	\$ 68.00
Family	121.50
3 Month Introductory	20.00

YEAR 2004 FEES

	CEGSA	+ASF	TOTAL
Full Membership	\$44.00	\$ 68.00	\$112.00
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Associate Membership	36.00	68.00	104.00
3 Month Introductory	5.00	20.00	25.00

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Less \$16.00 for only 1 CEGSA News	\$72.00	\$121.50	\$193.50

1 st Full Member + 2 nd Associate Member			
Less \$16.00 for only 1 CEGSA News	\$64.00	\$121.50	\$185.50

1 st Associate Member + 2 nd Assoc Member			
Less \$16.00 for only 1 CEGSA News	\$56.00	\$121.50	\$177.50

The New Member fees are adjusted at the time of the joining date.

Fees do not include the Joining Fee of \$12.00

Please make sure the payment of fees includes both CEGSA and ASF if applicable. If there are any queries regarding the fees please give me a ring on 8258-9847.

Chris Gibbons

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Follow up to Report on Air Photo Features

By Paul Devine

Introduction:- Since writing the last report for the Last CEGSA News some additions are necessary. I have spent a number of hours attempting to decipher Jennings air photo coordinate system. After initially stalling, I conversed with Max Meth in December 2003 on his interpretation of the Jennings coordinate system. Following another attempt I came to a slightly different conclusion on Jennings methods. This has resulted in some interesting outcomes. They relate to the published coordinates for the unvisited Jennings dolines in [Meth 1997] where there has been a systematic error in the computations. This error was disclosed by my analysing a position error (not directly related to the systematic error) in the data for two of Jennings dolines.

During earlier initial air photo investigations five stark air photo features in the Haig region were defined. They were in precisely identifiable locations, enough so that I allocated N

numbers having their location and measurements from Air Photos alone. One of these is certainly NX325 a feature noted by A J Carlisle [Max Meth Pers. Comm.] & [CEGSA Records]. Three of the others were visited in the previous report. It turns out that of the 200 odd air photo features I have located in the area, all these three have an interesting twist.

The first is a correlation on the geological map accompanying [Lowry 1970], where five features are noted in the Haig area instead of the four thought to be known at that time. They are N55, N141, N142, N143.

Using the relative positions of the five features the odd one out is in between N142, N141. Although at 1:1,000,000 scale the map is not detailed enough to pinpoint exactly, the extra feature may well be N2138 as its relative position is very similar.

Whilst writing a report which includes aerial photo discoveries in the Haig Region I noticed a discrepancy with the location of two of Jennings Dolines NX392, NX393, listed in [Meth 1997] and in current records:-

NX 392 745000 6593000

NX 393 746000 6592000

Their computed positions lie approximately 70 km west of the air photo 7/5718 on which their location is noted in [Lowry 1967].

This also places their position on the Seemore map sheet rather than Loonganna/Turner as noted by [Lowry 1967], [Meth 1997].

I immediately wanted to pinpoint the position for these two features as the air photo lays in the area covered by the report I have been writing. Having Jennings Photo coordinates but not knowing exactly how they were measured on the air photos posed a dilemma.

I found a key to tackling the problem in Lowry's report on collapse dolines [Lowry 1967], where he lists both Photo and Yardage Grid coordinates for most features. The first stage is simple to work out:- Jennings divided the Photo into four quadrants, so it is a matter of working out which position the Quadrants lie in and see if they change with direction of flight.

Simply looking at the runs on the same 250 thou map sheet and seeing whether the Yardage easting increases or decreases gives the direction of flight, then I



Figure 1: N2138 @30deg

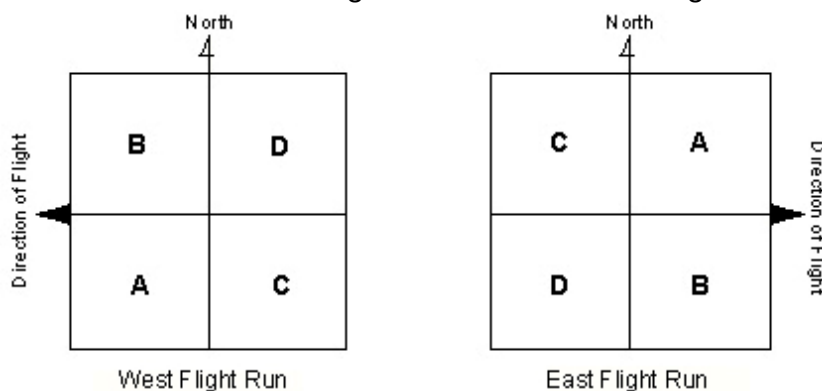


Figure 2 Quadrant orientation for west and east Photo Flight Runs.

I looked at features on the same photo in different quadrants to see how they relate, Jennings Quadrants seemed to form the following pattern (Fig. 2).

Jennings photo measurements were in inches on a 1/85000, presumed 22.5*22.5cm photo (9*9inches) or 4.5*4.5 inches per quadrant, (each quadrant is roughly 9690 metres across.).

For each quadrant he lists northing first then easting second. This is where I stalled as the next problem was in what direction did Jennings measure the quadrants.

Conversing with Max Meth he confirmed what I had deduced about the Quadrants, direction of Flight. He also confirmed that the photos were the standard size, and that Jennings

methods were certainly confusing. Max's next interpretation on measuring the quadrants in the same direction:- from the Bottom Left hand corner of each quadrant when the Photo is oriented with direction of Flight facing up, did not seem to match what I was thinking.

After further thought the clue eventually lay in two features

N141 7/5818 D 0.85/0.05

N143 7/5818 C 0.20/0.98.

Their ground locations are only 2km apart in both northing and easting with N143 laying to the SE of N141. They lie in different quadrants on a west flight run, where Quadrant D is North of C. Their easting measurements are measured in the same easterly direction N141- 0.05 and N143- 0.98. If one inch on the photos is roughly 2.150 kms and their northing measurements were both measured in the same direction i.e. to the north they would be 11 km apart, whereas adding the two northing measurements 0.85, 0.2 gives the right answer of 2 km. Clearly the measurements were in different directions, away from the centre axis dividing the two quadrants. I then proceeded to crosscheck all the other data which Lowry lists to see if the same occurred for all quadrants for both east and west flights and this did appear to be the case.

Using the new theory and Jennings original air photo coordinates:-

NX392 7/5718 B 1.65/0.75

NX393 7/5718 B 1.35/0.48

N55 7/5718 D 2.82/1.02

N142 7/5718 D 1.65/0.45

along with accurate locations for N142, N55 I came up with new AMG coordinates for

NX392 245800, 6593250 (Old coordinates 745000 6593000)

NX393 246300, 6592600 (Old coordinates 746000 6592000)

Two things are notable about the new coordinates

1) They are obviously similar to the original coordinates. In fact the original mistake was probably simply using a 7 instead of a 2 on the first digit of the easting which then placed them in zone 51 to the west.

2) If I was using a different method of measuring the air photos to what had been previously used Why are the coordinates so similar? The reason is they lie in the one air photo quadrant (B) where my interpretation and previous measurements are the same.

As an interesting coincidence, lying at the new positions for NX392, 393 are two features visited & numbered on the trip covered by the report in the last edition of CEGSA News. They are N2237 and N2238.

The coordinates for NX392 are 400m NW of 2238 and NX393 is 160m NW of 2237.



Fig. 3 N2237 Soil Deposit & shallow collapses@210deg



Fig. 4 N2238 Collapse Doline & Cave entrance @200deg

As a result of the method I was now using I applied it to NX391 5/5245 D2.6/0.6, (Old coordinates 467000 6515000).

The resulting new coordinates 460000 6515000 are now 2km west of P301 (300*300m*5m doline) making it certain that P301 is the Jennings doline. It must be added that the coords in records from which the Jennings coordinates are derived are generalised increasing error. The new location does correlate with my interpretation of the Jennings system, for the quadrant in which this feature lays the easting would be in error.

A further check on NX389 5/5241 A3.4/0.9, (Old coordinates 490000 6508000)

In quadrant A (West flight) the northing would be in error placing it now five km's to the south at the new coordinates of 490000 6503000.

This new location is 500m from N713 False Hope doline, a Jennings Doline located on the ground by Max Hall & Plane Caving in 1993 [Meth 1997].

Since working out the method of interpretation, I have acquired a number of Helictite Journals which includes information backing up the new method of interpretation. In the article [LOWRY DC & LOWRY JWJ 1967] covering the Thylacine discovery in N63, Lowry quotes the 1961 airphoto number of N63 (6/5171), but he also notes where N63 is on the photo. "2.29 inches below and 1.93 inches left of the centre point when the photo is oriented with the North upwards". In this case the quadrants are not quoted and although the orientation mentioned differs to the standard Jennings system the order the measurements are in is the same. More importantly, the direction of measurements which is quoted is the same as the new interpretation of Jennings system.

N63 photo coords equate to: 6/5171 D2.29/1.93.

My thoughts for part of the reasoning behind the Jennings/Lowry methods:-

Firstly regarding photo orientation, the North direction was not always marked on all the 1960's photo runs, but it is easy to deduce the direction of flight in consecutive photos thereby giving a standard orientation for photo measurement.

Secondly all measurements ultimately need to be referenced to the centre point as this is the most accurate area. Directly measuring from it seems to be logical. Quadrants depending on flight direction would indicate if the measurement values are positive or negative relating to centre point. Another reason for measuring away from the centre point of the photo is, it would be easier to adjust and derive correct coordinates when the photo axis are not truly aligned Nth-Sth i.e. when the plane has rotated sideways in a crosswind.

But overall as Max previously stated: - This system is difficult to describe and confusing to operate [Meth 1997].

My own photo methods are certainly not the same. Rather I orient all photos with Nth up and simply scale measurements from the left hand side and base of the photo. I then relate all points to the centre coordinates and if needed adjust for rotation to derive true AMG coordinates. This is not difficult with modern computing, and adjusting coordinates in bulk is relatively simple.

Summary,

Jennings coordinate system was measured using a template [Max Meth pers. com.] with the direction of flight always at the top of the photo, The template is then divided into 4 quadrants: A left top, B right top, C left bottom, D right bottom. Each quadrant was measured in inches in a direction away from each centre axis. The x axis (AMG Northing) is measured first then y axis (AMG Easting) second. See Figure 5.

Results: A revision and recalculation of previous AMG coordinates derived from the old 1961 photo coordinates is necessary.

Four more of the listed Jennings Dolines in records can now be accounted for NX389, NX391, NX392, and NX393.

The first has been found previously, the next has been relocated and defined but still needs visiting.

Lastly in a round about backwards sort of way we have relocated, visited, and numbered another two of Jennings Dolines.

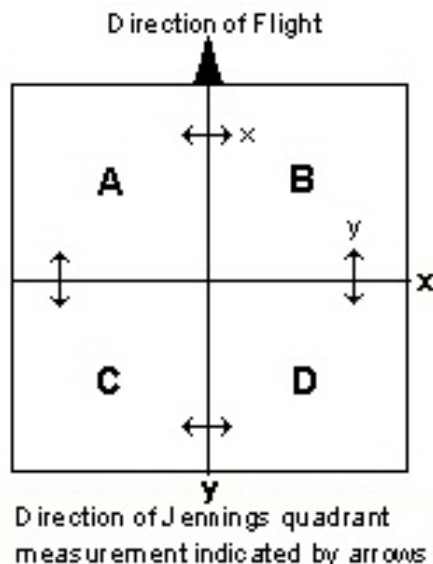


Figure 5 Jennings Photo Template

References:-

- LOWRY D.C., 1967, List of large collapse dolines in the Western Australian part of the Eucla Basin, *Western Caver* 7(3):1-7.
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- LOWRY D.C. & LOWRY J.W.J., 1967, Discovery of a Thylacine (Tasmanian Tiger) carcass in a cave near Eucla, Western Australia, *Helictite* 2(4):121-134.
- METH M.G., 1997, Result of Nullarbor Doline Search. *Proc. 21st bienn. conf. Aust. Speleol. Fedn. Quorn SA* 1997

Acknowledgments:- Thanks must go to Max Meth for the many hours he has put in previously collating & studying Jennings and Lowry's data, and also for his comments on aspects of this report.

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SPECIAL MEETING

A special meeting will be held at the Hackney Hotel, 95 Hackney Rd Hackney on Wednesday the 16th June at 8.00 PM to discuss renewal requirements for Trip Leaders. Some comments have been aired as to the frequency of renewing leadership status. This meeting is open to all trip leaders and any other member who has an interest in the trip leader scheme. Come along earlier and have a meal before the meeting.

The Committee.

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25th BIENNIAL ASF CONFERENCE

The 25th Biennial ASF Conference will be held at Dover in Tasmania from the 2nd to the 9th of January 2005. Members are urged to attend so they can get an insight into running a conference as it is our turn to run the next one in January 2007. The 2007 conference will mark 50 years since the establishment of the ASF in Adelaide in January 1957. We have come a long way since then.

Marie Choi has obtained permits for caving at Mole Creek after the conference from the 9th to the 17th of January so come along and enjoy the conference and the fantastic caving at Mole Creek.

Details of registration are in Australian Caver No. 161 March 2004.

Athol Jackson.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Date	Type of Event	Description	Contact
26/05/04	General Meeting	Hackney Hotel, 95 Hackney Rd, Hackney	Graham Pilkington
30/05/04	Working Bee	Library and records	George MacLucas
09/06/04	Committee Meeting	Hackney Hotel, 95 Hackney Rd, Hackney	Graham Pilkington
12-14 /06/04	Long Weekend	Avenue Range	Marie Choi
23/06/04	General Meeting	Royal Society Room, SA Museum, Adel.	Graham Pilkington
27/06/04	Working Bee	Library and records	George MacLucas
14/07/04	Committee Meeting	Hackney Hotel, 95 Hackney Rd, Hackney	Graham Pilkington
28/07/04	General Meeting	Royal Society Room, SA Museum, Adel.	Graham Pilkington
01/08/04	Working Bee	Library and Records	George MacLucas
11/08/04	Committee Meeting	Hackney Hotel, 95 Hackney Rd, Hackney	Graham Pilkington
11/08/04	CEGSA NEWS	Articles due	Athol Jackson
25/08/04	General Meeting	TBA Museum not available	Graham Pilkington
29/08/04	Working Bee	Library and Records	George MacLucas
October	Long Weekend	Avenue Range	Marie Choi
October		Possible trip to Kangaroo Island. contact	Grant Gartrell
	Caving	Ongoing Vic Fossil Survey contact	Garry Woodcock
	Caving	Regular trips to Sellicks Hill contact	Grant Gartrell
2-9 01/05	ASF Conference	Dover, Tasmania	See Australian Caver No.161
9-17 01/05	Post Conference Caving	Mole Creek, Tasmania	Marie Choi

Don't forget to register your trip with the Trip Liaison Officer so that the trip becomes official and is covered by insurance. If it is not registered then it is not covered and you may be liable. You must also be an accredited trip leader with the appropriate skill endorsement to take a party underground. Also, please make sure that a report of the trip is submitted.

NOTES